

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.  
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday, \$3.00 per year  
Daily, without Sunday, 8 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday, \$2.40 per yearSubscription Rates by Mail.  
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday, \$3.00 per year  
Daily, without Sunday, 8 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday, \$2.40 per yearNo attention will be paid to anonymous  
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newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.New York Representative, J. C. WILKINSON  
SPECIAL AGENT, Bureau Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Boyce Building.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1910.

## Let Your Paper Come After You

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the address will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

## Feeling the Democratic Pulse.

The Atlanta Constitution has been feeling the Democratic pulse in Ohio, especially with a view to ascertaining whether the Democratic heart beats true to Mr. Harmon, now that Mr. Bryan has challenged, after a fashion, that gentleman's status in the Buckeye State.

The Constitution claims to have discovered considerable resentment among Ohio Democrats toward the Nebraska man. This feeling also extends, apparently, over into Indiana, where the Constitution likewise has been investigating things. Indeed, the opinion seems to be growing that Mr. Bryan is deliberately and designedly hostile to the Ohio governor and would willingly undermine him if he might. The attitude of the late Democratic Presidential nominee toward Mr. Harmon is being freely likened to his attitude of almost thinly veiled suspicion of the late John A. Johnson, of Minnesota. It is recalled that Mr. Bryan's praise of Mr. Johnson was noticeably faint.

The Atlanta Constitution, while it does not say so in so many words, probably is feeling its way around nowadays, earnestly endeavoring to ascertain what is in Democratic circles. It has invariably supported Mr. Bryan stanchly when that gentleman was the Democratic standard bearer, and in his first and second campaigns was urgently for him for the nomination. Never has the Constitution, in any circumstances, had anything but kind words for Mr. Bryan. It seems now, as heretofore, to appreciate his many good qualities and his tremendous usefulness as a party asset. It approached its recent investigation in Ohio and the Middle West with a mind seemingly unprejudiced and entirely open to conviction, one way or the other.

There is no longer any doubt that the Democratic press is seriously considering the possible availability of Mr. Harmon as Presidential timber. He looms conspicuously at this time, and he appeals, moreover, it is largely through the eyes of such representative papers as the Constitution that the South will see Mr. Harmon; and the Constitution has been looking him over through the eyes of one of its most accurate, careful, and impartial observers, Mr. John Corrigan. At present, every Harmon prospect pleases the Constitution, save and excepting the Bryan prospect toward the Ohioan. And beneath it all the conviction appears to be growing that the time is approaching when the Democracy must choose whether it will consider Harmon, frankly and on the merits of Harmon exclusively, or under the suggestive guidance of Mr. Bryan.

The Constitution's evident purpose is to clear up the Democratic situation to such an extent as it may; and that, surely, is a purpose meriting the national Democracy's most distinguished consideration.

Odes to the King.  
It has been a little hard to realize that King Edward of England is dead, but day by day the fact is being obtruded on our consciousness more and more. And when we read the awful things that some of the poets have been moved to in their grief—we are much sorer than we ever thought to be over the King's death. He was a good ruler, and we wish he had lived. It is a cruel fate that took away the monarch and at the same time turned loose the birds to work their wills.

There was one awful "ode" by Kipling, almost bad enough to have been perpetrated by Alfred Austin, but worse have happened since. All of the English weeklies are heavy with mourning verses, such as—

"Lay aside his royal crown,  
England's King has laid him down—  
And others equally as loud. The Boston Transcript has printed six sonnets on the King's death and funeral that are

a fair example of the sort of gush that has been written. There is one by C. E. W. Stone which reads, in part:

"He went from care of state and war's alarms,  
From problems, doubts, and life's vexed harmonies  
Into the regions of eternal calm;  
And summer, summer wraps the bed he lies,  
While in his royal robe—may shine the palms  
They only pluck who wander 'Raidie'."

Just read that over a couple of times and see if you won't feel sorry the King is dead! Listen to the rhyme of it: "Calms" and "alarms;" "bed he lies" and "harmonies" and "Paradise." Add the sense of it is equally wonderful. Does it not make you wonder who it was that "shined the palms" of the royal hands? While as for "they only pluck who" is English construction that is almost masterly in its stupidity. It may be true that "summer, summer wraps the bed he lies," but it's a pity the poet has used up so much good summer to make so bad a line. Verily, we are grieved to the heart that the King is dead!

## An Unburied Admiral.

The bones of John Paul Jones remain unburied. They repose in a casket supported on a couple of wooden sawhorses under the stairway of the large building used as a dormitory and mess hall by the midshipmen at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The location is entirely inappropriate in all respects. It is in the midst of the activities and revelry of the young men who are being fitted for the duties of the commissioned personnel of the navy. It is a makeshift which does not add to the solemnity of the situation. It would be better to place the casket in a less public place, perhaps in some corner of the chapel at the Naval Academy or in a temporary structure in the academic cemetery.

It was intended that the body should rest in a specially designed and constructed crypt, but Congress has not provided the means for this last resting place. There may be those who believe that this is spending too much money in providing a repository for the body of Jones, especially, perhaps, when the same amount of money would furnish a place where other dead naval heroes of distinction could be placed, if it is desired to have such an exclusive mausoleum. At all events, it is certain that the decedent of the dead should be accorded the remains of John Paul Jones, for, as is remarked by the board of visitors to the Naval Academy in its report just submitted, "patriotism demands the completion of the crypt at an early date."

At least, there should be no delay in removing the remains from the temporary and entirely unsuitable place which they now occupy, with surroundings which are not conducive to public respect and do not inspire public veneration.

There is something almost uncanny in the presence of this sarcophagus in its present location; and if there is no indication of an immediate provision for the costly crypt, the naval authorities ought to make the transfer of the remains to a place which is less resounding of youthful exuberance.

There can be no question that John Paul Jones deserves a grave of his own, whether or not his fame entitles him to the special crypt which Congress is asked to provide.

## The Sorry Jade.

Dame Fortune the poets call her, finding in the fickleness of fortune something essentially feminine. Byron insisted on it, saying:

"Fortune is female; from my youth her favors  
Were not withheld, the fault was mine to hope  
Her former smiles again at this late hour."

As if it could ever be a "fault" to hope and to keep on hoping. And especially is there cause to hope for change of fortune; but hope without work is like prayer without deeds, and the wise man is he who, instead of sitting idle with folded hands waiting for Dame Fortune to fling her favors in his lap, rises briskly and with hopeful heart and brave spirit goes forth to win, by might, her favors from "the sorry jade."

"Luck must change" is a by-word in the mouths of men, and most of us know by experience of life that just when the clouds are most lowering the sun glimmers through to give us promise of a fairer day. As Shakespeare phrased it:

"When Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye."

There is hope in such a point of view, and it was this thought, perhaps, that was back of one of Stevenson's finest passages:

"It is a commonplace that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection, and surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves braver and better than we thought. \* \* \* I wish sincerely, for it would have saved me much trouble, there had been somebody to put me in good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight, and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overladen and rarely or never deserts him in his hour of need. But we are all for fooling on the sentimental flute; and not a man among us will go to the head of the march to sound the steady drum."

Too many of us, instead of bravely taking up the march, are given to bemoaning the tricks that fortune has played us and are like the man of whom Butler wrote, whose—

" \* \* \* only solace was, that now  
His dog-bolt fortune was so low  
That though it must quickly end  
Or turn about again and mend."

Most of us, "tooling on the sentimental flute," treat of the sorry jade, Fortune, as she were an all-powerful goddess conferring her favors where she listed without regard to individual worth, deserving, or labor. Nor men to believe this is to enter into a veritable slough of despond, with no incentive to further effort. It is better far to remember with Byron, that Dame Fortune is feminine, and that she can be wooed and won. She is an eccentric splinter, though, and is not to be coaxed with fair phrase or honeyed words; she needs the persuasion of a strong man, one who can dominate her, laugh at her coquetry, fear at her pretensions, ignore her frowns, and win her in spite of her.

And this is true: That Fortune lies in the hands of every true man who will strive bravely, honestly, and manfully toward his appointed goal. Dame Fortune does not depend on riches, the love of woman, or the applause of man. True fortune a man is to find within himself. In the inner consciousness that the tasks that he has found to do he has done

with all his might; in the ideal to which with all his heart and strength he constantly strives.

Armed with honest purpose, a man may be independent of "the sorry jade" ready at all times to take what she has to give. Her unkindest buffets cannot make his soul wince; her coquettish smile will not unsettle him. When the tide turns, "which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune," he will be ready to go with it. Until that time he will struggle manfully and hopefully against the stream. And when good fortune does come, the clouds vanish and the sun shines with brilliant radiance, he will be able to say with a recent poet in the Century:

"I have closed the door on Gloom,  
His house has too narrow a tier,  
I must seek for my way a wider room,  
With windows to open and let in the sun,  
And radiant lamps when the day is done,  
And the breeze of the world blowing through."

Criticism by the press of the Francis Burton Harrison snub seems confined all but exclusively to the way the President went about it.

"All the same, nothing pays better than to draw the ultra fashionable type of woman," says artist A. G. Learned, in the New York Mail. Oh, we are not so sure about that. Anyway, we would like to know what "Nat" Goodwin thinks of the suggestion.

An eminent English surgeon declares that appendicitis is contagious. That sounds the death knell of appendicitis as a fashionable disease. No contagious disease ever was or ever will be fashionable.

The greatest Dreadnought of them all is now on the high seas, headed for home.

The Hon. Thomas E. Watson has returned to the Democratic party, but we have no idea he can be induced to give bond to keep the peace.

"The Iowa idea" seems to be to keep the Canonites where they will do the least harm," observes the Philadelphia North American. Witness, for instance, the keeping of the Hon. Walter I. Smith in Congress.

"The colonel's first act, no doubt, on arriving home, will be to renew his subscription to the New York Sun," says the Atlanta Journal. We do not think the Journal is well acquainted with the colonel. It is about the best bet we know that the colonel has never suffered that subscription to lapse since it originally was entered.

Extra! Extra! Kernit is coming home. Too. Do not forget that!

No, Anxious Inquirer; we do not think we shall have frost to-night. We never have frost in cold, drizzly weather, you know.

The expedition that recently reached the summit of Mount McKinley failed to find any traces of the previous expedition that failed to find any traces of the still more previous Dr. Cook expedition. It is now in order to start another expedition to fail to find any traces of the first antecedent expedition, and so on.

Since looking over the returns from Cumminsland and Dolliverdom, "Uncle Joe" is even more from Missouri than ever.

"In the flat of to-morrow there will be plenty of room," says an architect. To be sure, "To-morrow"—that beautiful day that never comes!

In a certain town down South—it is alleged the saloons put out five benches from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m., and the restaurants put out free drinks at the same hours. Looks like a great scheme to encourage immigration.

Concerning superfluous information, the Norfolk Landmark headlines: "Roosevelt is popular."

Mr. Francis Burton Harrison undoubtedly is one of those persons who invariably touch the object upon which the "fresh paint" sign is hanging.

So utterly firm is the faith of some people in Mr. Roosevelt's ability to manage things that they actually would believe he might enforce peace in a suburban choir.

"Nine grafters out of ten are also liars," observes the Jacksonville Times-Union. Yes; or ten out of ten.

The astronomers do not seem to know much more about the comet than they do about the skating rink situation on Mars.

"King George is an enthusiastic philanthropist," remarks the Detroit Free Press. And if you do not know what a philanthropist is, now is as good a time as any to look it up.

If this weather continues, many an ice man will have to reduce his fall automobile outfit from touring car dimensions to one-cylinder runabout size.

There is a lesson, moreover, in Broward's election to the United States Senate. Broward, of Florida, is a most promising proposition, both politically and personally.

Mr. Taft has his own ideas about winning the South. He has just appointed a fellow postmaster at Augusta, Ga.; and the appointee not only is a Democrat, but he boasts the proud Irish name of Murphy.

"This fine weather is enough to give our sweet girl graduates cold feet," says the Memphis News-Scimitar. My, but isn't that an unpoetic suggestion?

We have it straight that Congress will adjourn before Senator Lorimer resigns.

Couldn't Tell.  
From the Chicago Record-Herald.  
"Has your pocket ever been picked?"  
"Really, I don't know. It never was before I got married. If it has been since I, of course, would have no way of finding out about it."

The Psychic Moment.  
From Young's Magazine.  
Muriel—And then he kissed you, I suppose, just at the psychological moment?  
Glady—I don't know whether you'd exactly term it the psychological moment. A big woman who called herself his wife entered the room just then!

Not to Be Blamed.  
From Life.  
Briggs—I don't think much of Underblossom. He's a scoundrel. He lies in his teeth.  
Griggs—Why shouldn't he? His teeth are false.

Sometimes.  
From the Buffalo Express.  
"Do you believe that horsehoes bring luck?"  
"I do, if they're attached to the winning horse."

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE FORMULA.  
To write a formula.  
Get up your facts,  
Then marshal the array  
Into leading facts.

Secure a leading dame  
Of some renown;  
Each half-hour give the same  
A change of gown.

Then round the action out  
With seven hams  
And hand them each about  
Four pigrams.

The plot along may spin  
In its own way.  
It doesn't matter in  
A swapper play.

The Thesis.  
"Her graduating thesis is rather complicated, I understand."  
"Yes, she can't get into it without two mals."

Grim War.  
"Have you enlisted in the campaign against the housefly?"  
"I sent my wife as a substitute."

Limitations.  
"The Indians get some fine decorative effects in their teepees with their blankets and spears."  
"Yes, but you can't get 'em to use a chafing dish."

Some Are Raw.  
Now every rhymester writes a lay  
Or allegory, and then  
About the rareness of a day  
In 'joud June.

In Bohemia.  
"How did you enjoy her Bohemian evening?"  
"It wasn't much. Both the epigrams and the sandwiches were stale."

As to Progress.  
"My girl is very thoughtful."  
"As how?"  
"Whenever she's dressing to go anywhere, and I'm waiting below, she always issues half-hourly bulletins."

Constant Drooping.  
"I have sent this poem to ten different editors and haven't sold it yet."  
"I don't think that policy will get you anywhere. Keep sending it to the same editor."

EACH FINGER HAS MEANING.

Chicago Professor Tells Character of Students by Hands.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.  
Chicago—Every finger has a meaning of its own, always the same and always recognizable, even though not always noticed. The first of the political demagogue and the curling little finger of the lady at 5 o'clock tea are equally full of significance, according to a lecture given recently at the University of Chicago by Frederick Mazon Blanchard, associate professor in the university. The meaning of fingers was explained more fully to-day by Prof. Blanchard.

"The use of the different fingers in gestures is of the greatest importance," he said. "The voice of a speaker may be likened to a solo of a finger, and the gestures may be taken to represent the accompaniment. It is a well established psychological fact that the use of the index finger is for pointing out one thing in particular. If a speaker mentions, for instance, the Mississippi Valley with a gesture that shows only this finger he falls short of the full meaning. He should use the open hand."

"The second finger is the finger of intellectuality. The use of this and the index finger give the significance of a forcible pointing to one particular thing. The third finger alone bears the engagement and wedding rings. There may be an objection made that the placing of the rings on this finger is merely a custom, but even if that is so, there is some reason for the origin of the custom. The third finger is the finger of affection and must always remain so."

"I can see the character of an uneducated student by the way he holds his fingers. If he gestures naturally with the thumb and index and second fingers together, I know that he is a forceful person. If he lets his thumb fall with a gesture that shows only this finger he falls short of the full meaning. He should use the open hand."

Getting Out of a Theater.

From the New York Sun.  
A gallery gaud at a West Side theater Saturday afternoon yelled "Fight!" and "In a minute every aisle was so jammed that movement was impossible." It required two and a half minutes on Monday morning for 3,500 children to evacuate Public School 5, in Edgecombe avenue, after the "quick dismissal" gong had sounded. There is no reason for this in these two items of city news. With such school training, many not audiences of the coming generation get out of a theater in case of alarm without tripping people and deadening the lights.

"King George is an enthusiastic philanthropist," remarks the Detroit Free Press. And if you do not know what a philanthropist is, now is as good a time as any to look it up.

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Oh, ships, be calm! Oh, winds, blow free—  
Blow all my ship's safe home to me!  
But if you send some wreck,  
To never more come sailing back,  
Send my all, that ship be true,  
But bring my love ship home to me!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Effects of Meat-eating.

The Indians of the plains, who lived almost entirely on flesh, were fierce and warlike enough; the Eskimos, who also live entirely on flesh, are among the mildest and most peaceable of men, says a writer in the Metropolitan. The unfortunate Armenians, per contra, are periodically massacred by a race of peaceful vegetarians. The Hindus of Bengal are the traditional horrible example of the effects of living on rice. But the Chinese and Japanese, who live on rice—insufficient quantity—are about the toughest and most enduring of mankind. During the race of the allied armies to Peking, the Japanese army, on a diet of rice and dried fish, outmarched the Europeans by 50 per cent. Even in India, the Sikhs and Rajputs, who eat but twice a day and rarely touch meat, are among the finest men physically and the best soldiers on earth. In the old days before the telegraph, the messenger service from Madras to Bombay and Calcutta was made up of runners who did sixty miles for a day's work and kept it up 1,000 to 1,500 miles on a diet of boiled rice.

Trans-Andean Tunnel.

The completion of the railroad from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, which tunnels through the Andes, is likely to cause many economical changes in Argentina and Chile. Only within the past few weeks was the first trip on this road made, and it was through the Trans-Andean tunnel that the President of Chile journeyed to attend the Argentine centennial celebration on May 20. Beginning about July 1, everything will be done through working orders, and then the journey from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across Argentina and Chile, and burrowing through the Andes, will be made over this railway in thirty-five hours. Passengers will find it necessary to change cars at Mendoza, as the Great Western Railway from Buenos Ayres to that city is broken gauge, while the Trans-Andean Railway is very narrow gauge. Another change must be made at Los Andes, from the Trans-Andean to the Chilean State Railway. In addition to the expected increase of passenger traffic, which will undoubtedly be large, the cattle traffic will also be immensely augmented, owing to this new railroad. The prospective treaty of commerce between Argentina and Chile, which it is expected will establish free trade between the two countries, with certain exceptions, will undoubtedly assist the road. The Argentine government has agreed to build at least ten kilometers (6.2 miles) of road per annum until the completion of the line to the Guatemalan frontier, about 25 miles from San Miguel. The Salvadoran government having agreed to pay \$7,500 gold for every kilometer of road constructed. When this entire line is completed from a point on the Guatemalan frontier to San Miguel, it will be the link in Salvador of the Pan-American Railway.

More Moving Pictures.

According to Consul John A. Ray, of Maskat, capital of the Arabian sultanate of Oman, the moving picture business in those parts is as brisk, with certain limitations as to facilities so far, as in our own United States. He says an American has been giving moving picture shows at Maskat this spring and meeting with great success. This man opened a hall and gave public exhibitions for several nights, with seats sold at 25, 23, and 13 cents. He has also given private entertainments in the Sultan's palace and in the houses of some of the wealthier residents. In one case the showman received \$250 for such an entertainment, and he reports that he has received nowhere less than \$50. The same man has been in the Middle East for more than a year, entering Turin, Aleppo and coming to the Persian Gulf by way of Bagdad. The machine used was of French manufacture, as were most of the films. The subjects used were largely Turkish, such as the Arabian Nights. It seems that the chief difficulty encountered by the operator was in obtaining films and chemicals. The former had to be purchased outright, the latter imported, and such an enterprise is unobtainable in the locality referred to. It is absolutely essential to employ chemicals for the time light. There is no sugar, and the only American manufacturers might not share in the business of furnishing films, though at present France seems to have practically a monopoly in the East.

Newsroom Proverbs.

From Pack.  
A good reporter covers a multitude of sins. Sensation is the best policy. Truth is the best enemy. The headline today will rise again to-morrow in a two-line notice on the third page. Dead men tell no tales, but usually their friends will talk. All the world loves a lover—except for one suing for breach of promise. One murder on Broadway is worth two in the slums.

The Editor's Complaint.

From the Ohio State Journal.  
The rumor trust not having any headquarters here, we can't imagine who it is that steals our paste and shears every time we forget to close the desk.

Teeth and Success.

From the Baltimore Sun.  
Doctors as well as dentists are urging the importance of preserving the teeth. They justly say that good teeth and good health are companions. Good health waits upon digestion, and without the proper exercise of the teeth the stomach cannot perform its functions with success. If the stomach fails to work, then all the members of the body suffer. Teeth have figured largely in history. There was Marcus Curius Dentatus, a patriot, a general, a conqueror, who illustrated all the early Roman virtues. And yet he is better known because of his teeth than for his deeds and virtues. The lady in the cantina was likewise distinguished for her fine teeth, which were likened to a flock of sheep that go up from the washing. The levitation was also extolled for his teeth. But it is really unnecessary to go back to the history for illustrations. There is a certain contemporary statesman whose teeth are greatly celebrated throughout Christendom. What was the name of that man and his teeth? The world knows that he has them, and his enemies know that he can use them.

He Celebrated.

Patience—I hear you're engaged to be married?  
Patience—Where in the world did you hear that?  
"My maid told me."  
"How did she hear it?"  
"A policeman told her."  
"More mystery. How came a policeman to know it?"  
"Why, the man you're engaged to told him when the officer was taking him home!"

The Eternal Feminine.

From Lipponcott's.  
Myrtle had gone on to the vaudeville stage and had made an instant big hit because of her darning.  
"What is her act?"  
"She sings in a cage of mice."

Wat Tyler Rebellion—June 12.

There broke out in England, on June 12, 1381, a formidable insurrection, known as Wat Tyler's Rebellion. The movement seems to have been the work of the Londoners of Essex and of Kent, but it spread at once to a number of other counties. The peasantry, armed with bludgeons and rusty swords, first occurred the route by which pilgrims went to Canterbury and made every one swear that he would be true to King Richard and not accept a King named John. This, of course, was aimed at the government of John of Gaunt, to whom the people attributed every grievance they had to complain of. The principal or at least the immediate cause of offense arose out of a poll tax which had been voted in the preceding year.

The chief leader in the insurrection was Wat Tyler, a priest and preacher of democratic and socialist doctrines, and one known as Jack Straw. There should have been little difficulty to have kept the insurgents out of London, but Londoners generally and some of the adherents were inclined to the rebels, so on Wednesday, June 13, the insurgents began to stream in across the London Bridge, and finally the whole body was marched on the splendid palace of the Duke of Lancaster.

The palace was wrecked and burned, gold and silver plate was shattered, and the battle axes thrown into the Thames; kings and smaller jewels were broken in mortars; silk and embroidered dresses were trampled under foot and torn up. Then the temple was burned with all its muniments. Other noted buildings were destroyed, and King and his court took refuge in the Tower, where they were besieged by the rebels, so one Wednesday, June 13, the insurgents began to stream in across the London Bridge, and finally the whole body was marched on the splendid palace of the Duke of Lancaster.

The Wat Tyler rebellion proved disastrous in its effect on the work of church reform which Wyclif was then pursuing. Much of the odium of the outbreak fell on the reformer John Ball, who had figured in the front rank of the revolt, was claimed as one of its adherents.

On June 12, 1865, New York City was incorporated by Gov. Nichols. On that date the first naval battle of the Revolution occurred at Machias, Me., in 1775. The Rye House Plot in England was disclosed in 1683. The Declaration of Rights was adopted by the Virginia Convention in 1776. Iowa was organized as a Territory in 1838. The American army sailed for Cuba in thirty-two transports in 1898. It is the birthday of George Bush, the eminent theologian (1786); Harriet Martineau, the English author (1776); and Roebing, the engineer (1806), and Francis S. Saltus, poet and author (1850). On June 12, 1876, William Cullen Bryant died.

## DAILY BOOK REVIEW.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The critics of Christian Science have two chief claims which with varying phraseology are constantly advanced when the subject is up for discussion. In the first place they insist that Christian Science is neither Christian nor science; and secondly, they assert, that it cannot cure organic disease. In the volume entitled "Christian Science," Mr. B. O. Flower, who is careful to state that he is not a Christian Scientist, considers these criticisms. The volume is divided into two distinct parts, the first dealing with "Christian Science as a Religion," the second with "Christian Science as a Therapeutic Agent."

The first book contains nothing particularly new, but it is a very readable new. Most of us are agreed, nowadays, that there is at least some relation between the teachings of Christian Science as a doctrine and the teachings of Christianity as revealed through the Scriptures. And that the doctrines of Christian Science appeal with vital force to the needs of people to-day is amply attested by the enormous growth of its membership and in the vast number of churches it has built and maintained within the past few years. It has in a vital way impressed again the social ideals that were so boldly proclaimed by Jesus and his philosophical concepts not only reflect the metaphysical idealism of the Gospels and of St. Paul, but also strikingly accord with much of